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MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

From the People's Journal.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, about thirty miles from Boston, December 19, 1805. His maternal grand-parents were English Emigrants, of the name of Lloyd, residents in Lower Canada. His father was Abijah Garrison, the captain of a vessel which traded to the West Indies; he was a man of excellent abilities; a good navigator, and fine poet. All his noble qualities, however, natural and acquired, were negated by an unfortunate passion for liquor, which ruined all his prospects in life, caused him to neglect his family while his children were quite young, leaving them in a state of utter destitution. The mother thus deserted, and left to struggle with adversity, was one of God's noblest creatures. Her beauty of person was remarkable, and accordant with her character of mind. She was of a tall, majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich, that when she unbowed it, like that of Godiva of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic creature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great; he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a deed of hers was ever lost—his young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff, one remained to pray—she was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher—she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spoke kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind; she would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long, announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that despised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice, but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated—she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much.

At the time of her husband's desertion, Mrs. Garrison was left with five children, two of whom died soon afterwards. When her son William was about seven, she found it necessary to remove from Newburyport to Lynn. She was in very low circumstances, and having taken upon herself the profession of a sick-nurse, was induced to remove to Lynn, in the hope of better success in her calling. She took with her her eldest son James, a boy of extraordinary promise, and, remarkably gifted like herself, and, like her, remarkable for his handsome person. James was her favorite child, and she looked forward to his being the stay and comfort of her declining years. Her son William, and her only remaining daughter, then quite young, she left at Newburyport, both of them under the care of good people of the Baptist persuasion. William was placed with one of the most excellent of men, although he was poor, and had no better means of gaining a livelihood than by setting the edges of saws, and splitting wood for fuel. This good man was a deacon in his church, and by name Ezekiel Bartlett. The boy was in the place of son to him; and both he and his wife, who had the utmost veneration for his mother, assumed at once the paternal character towards him. Now and then his own mother came over to see him and his sister; and those visits were joyful holidays of the heart to all parties. If the poor can afford fewer indulgences than the rich, there is perhaps all the greater zest and intensity about that few which may make the balance somewhat even. So was it in the case of these good but poor people.

It was fortunate for the children that in the houses of their protectors they received sound religious and moral instruction; and though in after life, William found many an early-taught dogma to reject, and some sectarian shackles to shake off, yet the good teaching of those years has given a tone to the whole life of the man.

He remained with the kind-hearted deacon until he was eleven, when his mother took him to live with her at Lynn. He had, however, during these years, been to school, had learned to read and write, and in the intervals of learning had helped the good old man to split wood for the inhabitants of the town. During the last six months of his abode here he was put to a grammar school, which ap-

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peared to him a magnificent school, and where he was enabled to learn something of arithmetic, grammar, and geography. It is astonishing, however, how little scholastic knowledge is needful for the greatest and best men of the world, and for those who are the soundest benefactors of their race. Greek and Latin, however much they may improve the head, do but little for the heart. William Lloyd Garrison took no degrees in any university.

At eleven years old, to his sorrow, he left the grammar school, and removed to Lynn to his mother. She had apprenticed her beloved son James, to the trade of a shoemaker, in Boston; her second son, also, she put to the same business. He was extremely small of his age; so small, indeed, that his span seemed bigger than himself, and the people laughed at him, and said he was no larger than a lamb. We will take this opportunity of saying something of the elder brother, the beauty of whose mind unhappily, was early dimmed. James, when he went to Boston, had the utmost aversion to ardent spirits; but being the youngest apprentice, was sent to fetch into the workshop the liquor for the men. He was laughed at, and subjected to persecution, because he would not drink; the trial, unfortunately, was too great for him; in a few years he drank with the best of them. One temptation led to another, and before his apprenticeship was completed, he ran away and entered the United States' Navy, where he led a most irregular life. In the end, his conduct broke his mother's heart. Many a time has she said—"Nothing less than a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Lloyd;" but the misdeeds of this beloved son did it. Poor James, even in his fall, had great pride of feeling, and always hoped the day would come when he should return home a reformed and altered man. He was naturally brave and full of generous sentiments, and was fond of an adventurous life, which he hoped to enjoy on the seas. He enlisted after some time in a British ship, engaged in the pursuit of pirates, in the West Indies; but such were the horrors practiced on board, by inhuman floggings and other modes of punishment, that he and two others deserted. They concealed themselves in the woods for some time, but were then taken and carried to the Havana, where they were sentenced to receive three hundred lashes each, to be given in sight of the whole fleet. His two companions died under the sentence; he survived, a spirit-crushed man. After he had been gone four years, and when all supposed him dead, his brother William received a letter from him, written from a hospital, asking if he could bear to come and see him. He would have hoped to atone for the past; he was repentant, and full of tender affection. Misfortune, however, pursued him in the last, spite of all his better will; for scarcely had he left the hospital when he fell in with a gang of ruffians who made him drunk, stripped him of all he had and betrayed him again into the navy. The case was one of clear outrage and wrong; and his brother through the help of some influential man, obtained his liberation; but body and soul were alike subdued and in less than twelve months he died.

We now return to the little boy William, working at the shoemaking trade which he very much disliked. His mother, soon after this removed to Baltimore, in Maryland; and the poor lad grew more and more unhappy, homesick, as it were, pining for the society of his sister, and those dear, good people at Newburyport, from whom he was separated. This being the case, his mother, who had no other wish than the well-being and happiness of her children, consented to his return there. It was a joyful day to old deacon Bartlett when his son, who had been back to the coast he seemed doubly their own child. He made no secret of his dislike to the shoemaking business, so the deacon put him apprentice to a cabinet-maker, in the town of Haverhill, about fourteen miles from Newburyport. The boy, however, was hard to please; this trade suited him no better than shoemaking; he was very unhappy, and again grew so homesick that the dear kind old man consented to humor him once more and bring him back under his roof.

Again he was sent to school, and again he helped the deacon to split fire-wood. In the meantime the old man was thinking anxiously what to do for his son, for he knew that he would neither be a shoemaker nor a cabinet-maker. Fortunately he hit upon the printing business; that, perhaps might suit him, if nothing else did; and for the third time he was put apprentice. There is a proverb which says that the third time pays for all; it was verified here. The boy at once was in his element—this was better even than the grammar school which he had mourned so at leaving. He wanted nothing which the printing house could not afford him. In October, 1818, at the age of thirteen, he was made perfectly happy, by finding himself the apprenticed apprentice of Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the *Newburyport Herald*. He was now in his element; he felt an inspiration about the business which seemed to call forth all the powers and energy of his soul; he found also through newspapers and journals from every part of the country, that information after which his mind was craving. He had always had, even when quite young, a perfectly ravenous appetite for knowledge of all kinds, especially such as represented itself in a narrative form. A book was at any time irresistible; and in his intervals of wood-cutting and running errands, he was always absorbed in the marvels of some romance or other of the Mrs. Radcliffe school. Now, however, a wider and much higher sphere of knowledge was opened to him, and he availed himself to the utmost of every means which the printing-house afforded for the improvement of his mind. Fortunately for him Mr. Allen was a man capable of appreciating the character of his studious apprentice, who, at the same time that he seized every opportunity of gathering up information, was steady, industrious, and remarkably apt in the mechanical part of the business. William Garrison was born a printer, and so great is the pleasure he takes even now in the mere manual labor of printing,

that when at home he devotes two days each week to setting the type for his *Liberator*.—The very handling of type, he has been heard to say, is perfectly delightful to him.

The *Newburyport Herald* was a weekly paper, and it was his business to work both at the case and the press. No youth was ever happier than he was at that time. At the age of sixteen he made his first essay in authorship, in the form of a communication to the paper. It was written in a disguised hand, and the circumstance was known only to himself. It was an humorous article on some subject of local interest, and was signed "An Old Bachelor;" and though trifling in itself, was an event of deep interest to the young author, whose heart beat strongly when he saw the editor enter the office with the communication in his hand. Several gentlemen of the place happened at that moment to be in the office where he was at work, an object of little interest to them. The editor, who probably had already made himself acquainted with the communication, read it aloud to his friends; all commended it highly, and it was immediately handed to the boy for him to set up. This was excellent; he needed no more encouragement—a perfect *causidicus scribendi* seized upon him. Week after week communications flowed in from the now highly respected A. O. B. (the initials of his first name of *quiescent*) and under this signature, he wrote for some years, receiving from the editor himself, letters through the newspaper, complimenting him upon his abilities, and requesting "a continuance of favors." No one suspected the printer's hard working apprentice to be the remarkable correspondent who wrote alike poetry or prose, but principally political articles of a bold uncompromising character, which were particularly acceptable in a town where party politics assumed a very violent tone. Even then he was the great champion for liberty wherever he saw it struggling against oppression. Wallace and Tell were the heroes of his first imagination, and he longed to signalize himself as they had done, in some great outbreak for freedom and mankind. No enthusiastic did he indeed become on the subject of national liberty, that every struggle for it however remote, fired his very soul; and when the Greeks were combating for their liberty he could hardly restrain himself from setting off and joining their armies. Indeed, such at this time were his views, that he seriously contemplated entering the Westpoint Academy, the great military school of the United States; but fortunately he stayed by the printing-press and prepared himself still more for the great and noble struggle for humanity, in which he was to become the heavenly appointed and heroic leader.

While a more printer's boy, he established a debating society among the apprentices in which they assembled weekly for the presentation of original articles and for discussion and debate; all which has been greatly beneficial to him in his after career. This debating society was the means of inducing him to give up meditated martial expeditions, for it was deeply interesting to him, and without his presence it must infallibly have gone to the ground.

For several years Mr. Allen never detected his unknown correspondent, and his apprentice gloried in his profound secret. It happened, however, that Mr. Allen retired from the editorship for a short time, in consequence of illness, and Mr. Cushing, at that time a barrister, took his place as editor *pro tem*. This gentleman has recently been minister to the Court of China, and is a man of splendid endowments, an eloquent orator, and member of Congress. During his editorship he detected the apprentice Garrison under the signature of A. O. B. but said not more for his great and noble character, than for the word of his discovery until Mr. Allen's return, when, to the astonishment of all parties, he announced the "respected correspondent" and the industrious apprentice to be identical. Mr. Allen, instead of being annoyed at the trick that had been put upon him so long, at once acknowledged the talent of his young assistant, most kindly encouraged him in every way, and henceforth associated him in the editorship of the paper.

Being glad, like a wise man, to avail himself of the talent which was so near him; and such, indeed, was the confidence that this excellent man placed in him, that when he was but nineteen, during the absence of Mr. Allen for some time in Alabama, the editorship of the paper, and the entire management of the printing-office, was confided to his care. It was an honorable testimony to the young man's integrity and talent; and he vowed within himself to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. His powers seemed increased by the demand made upon them; he believed nothing beyond his attainment, and was unconquerably happy. At that time sleep seemed hardly requisite for him; he worked all day at the printing-office—not only attending to the editorship, but even taking part in the manual labor—and devoted the whole night to writing and study. His political models were Junius and Fisher Ames, one of the most beautiful and noblest minds of America, and one who died broken-hearted, because his country fell short of the celestial height to which he aspired for her. The character of this great and good man was the youth's admiration, as his essays were his models for composition. He wrote at this time under the signature of Aristides, a series of Essays on National Affairs for the *Salem Gazette*, which were immediately copied into *Frederick's National Gazette*, the most distinguished literary and scientific paper of America, accompanied by highly eulogistic remarks. This was the greatest triumph the young writer had yet received; and, to enhance it still more, the authorship was attributed to the Hon. Timothy Pickens, one of the greatest minds of his country, and one who takes rank with the most distinguished revolutionary heroes and statesmen of his native land.

In December, 1825, having served upwards of seven years, his apprenticeship terminated, honorably to himself, and after having given the utmost satisfaction to his master. As might be expected, poor old deacon Bartlett had felt the greatest pride in his career;

it was a supreme happiness to him that the first gentleman of the town, and great politician in the country, took notice of his young protégé. Not was it Ezekiel Bartlett alone who rejoiced in his well-being. Through his whole course his mother, the poor sick nurse of Baltimore, was his counselor and friend. From his letters she was aware of the moral and intellectual advance of her son, and her spirit became his onward and upward companion. Like a guardian angel, she was ever with him; her letters were as talismans about his heart. The mother, at the distance of six hundred miles—the poor woman—the sick-nurse, whose offices of love had not, even for her, the luxury of free gifts—was forming the while the spirit of one of the noblest, purest, truest disciples who ever trod the footsteps of Him who died for mankind. Blessed be such mothers, for they make the benefactors of the world!

A short time before young Garrison's term of apprenticeship expired, his mother, who had long spoken of her failing health, wrote, begging that she might yet once more see him in the flesh before she died; and his master kindly gave him permission to make this long journey. The mother and the son met; but what a change in the appearance of that mother! When he parted from her she was in her full strength and beauty—now he did not recognize her; sorrow for her unhappy son James had brought her to the brink of the grave. It was a heart-rending meeting to him; the effect upon her, however, was otherwise, and scarcely had he been five minutes with her when she seemed his own beautiful mother again; for the glorious mind was not dimmed—her noble heart was not chilled—and the countenance again beamed with the light as of youth. His visit seemed to infuse new life into her; and the few days they spent together were days of unclouded happiness, which left an influence upon him being that time could never efface. Scarcely had he left her, however, when the flame of life, which had for a moment brightened into such clear splendor, again sunk to revive no more, and in six weeks she died. His sister, who had been sent for by his mother, had died also of the yellow fever, twelve months before her own death.

After leaving Mr. Allen, and probably induced to the step by the great success which had attended his writings whilst with that gentleman, he purchased, and mainly through the pecuniary assistance of his friend, Mr. Allen, a newspaper, the name of which he immediately altered to that of the *Free Press*, altering at the same time its politics to those held so conscientiously by himself. This was a great undertaking for so young a man; and if industry and ability could have ensured its success it must have succeeded. The whole of the editing and the greater part of the manual labor, were performed by himself alone; he worked through the whole of most nights, and his editorial articles were set up in type without ever being committed to paper. This great task was the labor, was of infinite service to him, by compelling him to a rapid and clear style of thought. The character of the paper soon attracted the attention of the editorial fraternity; but they, unfortunately, could not alone support the paper. Various adverse circumstances warred against it; agents were dishonest, and the young editor could command no capital to meet losses; in six months, therefore, this first effort of his laudable ambition was given up, and he found himself burdened by what was to him a large amount of debt.

Life had now assumed a gloomier and more earnest character; and the first page of this new chapter opened with a sorrowful heart-taking of his dear kind friends of Newburyport, and the setting out to Boston to seek employment as a journeyman, whose earnings, alas! could no longer be considered his own. To Boston he came, with high and honorable aspirations, but still with a depression of heart which was not lightly to be overcome. It was humiliating to the pride of one who had been a successful editor to solicit work as a journeyman; and then the debt, and the journeyman's small wages, were for ever associated in his mind. He was no longer the free and happy youth that he had been!

In Boston he knew but one person, a printer, who kept a boarding-house; but he fortunately received him under his roof, and assiduously sought for employment for him. Several weeks, however, elapsed before any employment was found, and then he was engaged as a journeyman by David Lee Child, who at that time conducted a tri-weekly paper. Here he labored with untiring assiduity, again working both by night and day, and at length the happiness of disburdening himself of some of his debts. In the course of 1827 he was engaged on the *National Philanthropist*, a paper devoted to the subject of total abstinence, and the first paper in the world which was the advocate of this cause; and here it was that he became himself, from principle, a teetotaler. After working upon this paper for some time as a journeyman, it passed into another proprietorship, and he became its editor. Whilst occupying this situation, Providence was gradually leading him through a chain of circumstances to the commencement of that great labor of love in which he should stand forth like his great Master, to preach liberty to the captive—to liberate the broken-hearted, and let the oppressed go free.

A little Quaker, hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, laboring likewise under the infirmity of deafness, Benjamin Lundy by name, was the first man in the United States who devoted his life to the abolition of Slavery. Small as was his outward frame, he possessed a soul of large capacity; he was gifted with great power of endurance, unquenchable zeal, wonderful perseverance, and the utmost disinterestedness of purpose. This man was the editor of a paper called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore, and devoted wholly to the abolition of Slavery. Garrison read this paper. Hitherto he had not turned his mind to this subject, but at once the enormity and folly of this great national sin of Slavery, and the

outrage practiced through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woes was laid upon him, and he vowed henceforth to consecrate his life, as far as profitable, to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen. Whilst this new path of duty was opening before him, in 1828, a deputation was sent to him from Bennington, in the State of Vermont, where the cause of his singular devotion and great talent had gone, to request him to go to that town and establish a paper there, mainly with a view to the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States. He went there, and started a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*, which, whilst it warmly expressed the cause of Mr. Adams, was mainly devoted to the promotion of peace, temperance, and moral reform, including the abolition of slavery. Shortly after his coming to Bennington, also, he ventured to call a public meeting for the purpose of sending petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery; and in the course of a few weeks had the happiness of sending the most numerous signed petition that had ever been presented to Congress from any state on that subject. This activity in his favorite cause, together with the extraordinary talent exhibited by this young co-worker, attracted the attention of Benjamin Lundy, who immediately made a journey from Baltimore to the Green Mountains to visit him. Personal knowledge only increased his admiration and respect, and he most earnestly requested that he would join hand and heart with him in this great cause, and become joint-editor with him in the management of his paper. In compliance with the good man's earnest wish, and in order, likewise, to find a vent for that tide of slavery opposition which was vehemently struggling within him, Garrison consented, and in the autumn of 1829 removed to Bennington; and from that day devoted himself to the cause for which God had so evidently appointed him.

According to Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison were on the main question of the policy and sinfulness of Slavery, an immense difference soon discovered itself in their views respecting its abolition. Lundy, perhaps influenced by the somewhat timid and *juste milieu* practice of the religious society to which he belonged, and which practice is utterly at variance with the bold uncompromising spirit of its commencement, had been misled by the *ignis fatuus* of "gradual emancipation," which, as has been wittily observed, means "half way between now and never." Garrison, on the contrary, was convinced, both by reason and reflection, that immediate and unconditional emancipation was the only remedy and atonement for the enormity of Slavery. Here was a marked difference between the men. Lundy, however, who could not himself embrace these broad principles of right, with a liberality which was worthy of him, permitted his new associate to advocate in their paper those doctrines which he held; and the first number of their journal hoisted the banner of what was called "Immediateism," in contradistinction to the old and hitherto considered liberal opinion of "Gradualism." A strong sensation was immediately produced, not only in the Southern but in the Northern States. This was a view of the question which moderate men could not entertain; and Garrison and his paper were considered as fanatical and dangerous. Lundy's character and his former moderation were of no avail; the supporters of the paper fell off on all hands; and the slaveholders, especially those of Maryland, determined to crush the publication under the form of law. The opportunity to do this occurred in the spring of 1830. It happened that a merchant of Newburyport, named Francis Todd, a fellow-townsmen of Garrison's in his early years, sent one of his ships to Baltimore laden with slaves for the Southern market. The fact of this man, whom he had known from childhood, having engaged in this horrible and unchristian traffic, excited in Garrison's breast the utmost indignation. Moreover, as a New England man, he resolved to show to the Southern slaveholders that he was no respecter of persons, and that he was as ready to denounce Northern as Southern participation in the guilt of the slave system. He represented in his paper, therefore, the conduct of Mr. Todd, in such terms as he thought his crime merited. He declared that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and domestic traffic in "slaves and the souls of men;" and, therefore, if any man deserved imprisonment for life, for a criminal act, it was Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd, of course, was exasperated; and stimulated by the slaveholders of Baltimore, brought an action against Garrison for libel. On the trial, Garrison proved, by the custom-house books, that the number of slaves actually conveyed by the vessel exceeded that stated in the paper. But the greater the truth the greater the libel. Besides this, the Judge before whom he was tried, one Nicholas Brice, was a man notorious for his pro-slavery principles, and extremely anxious to annihilate Mr. Garrison's dangerous paper. The jury, too, was a packed one, and nothing could be expected but that he should be convicted of libel,—of seriously damaging the character of a man by charging him with carrying on a traffic which is authorized and protected by law!

A fine was imposed which Garrison was unable to pay. He was taken to prison, and confined in a cell which had just been vacated by a murderer, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law. After he had been upwards of a month in prison, he was liberated through the intervention of a perfect stranger to himself, but one who had become acquainted with his noble character through the paper on which he and Lundy were engaged. Arthur Tappan, a well-known merchant and philanthropist, of New-York, forwarded one hundred dollars, the amount of fine; and the champion of emancipation was again abroad. In Baltimore, however, Garrison read this paper. Hitherto he had not turned his mind to this subject, but at once the enormity and folly of this great national sin of Slavery, and the

outrage practiced through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woes was laid upon him, and he vowed henceforth to consecrate his life, as far as profitable, to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen. Whilst this new path of duty was opening before him, in 1828, a deputation was sent to him from Bennington, in the State of Vermont, where the cause of his singular devotion and great talent had gone, to request him to go to that town and establish a paper there, mainly with a view to the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States. He went there, and started a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*, which, whilst it warmly expressed the cause of Mr. Adams, was mainly devoted to the promotion of peace, temperance, and moral reform, including the abolition of slavery. Shortly after his coming to Bennington, also, he ventured to call a public meeting for the purpose of sending petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery; and in the course of a few weeks had the happiness of sending the most numerous signed petition that had ever been presented to Congress from any state on that subject. This activity in his favorite cause, together with the extraordinary talent exhibited by this young co-worker, attracted the attention of Benjamin Lundy, who immediately made a journey from Baltimore to the Green Mountains to visit him. Personal knowledge only increased his admiration and respect, and he most earnestly requested that he would join hand and heart with him in this great cause, and become joint-editor with him in the management of his paper. In compliance with the good man's earnest wish, and in order, likewise, to find a vent for that tide of slavery opposition which was vehemently struggling within him, Garrison consented, and in the autumn of 1829 removed to Bennington; and from that day devoted himself to the cause for which God had so evidently appointed him.

All communications to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

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the States and like seeds of fire scattered abroad, it kindled every where, even in the Southern States, a spirit of indignation, and called forth the sympathy of every generous heart towards the sufferer. He employed many hours also in making the very walls of his prison-cell the eloquent preacher of liberty. On these white-washed tablets he wrote denunciations of Slavery and its abettors; he proclaimed his own innocence, and called upon all to combat, any, even suffer in the great cause of God and man. Of these remarkable inscriptions we will present our readers with two sonnets,—the first intended to comfort and strengthen any future unfortunate occupant of that cell, who might like himself be doomed to inhabit it, though guilty of no other crime than that of endeavoring to destroy tyranny and promote peace and good-will among men; the other according to our judgment, is one of the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet.

I.
Prisoned within these massive walls close
Guilty of horrid crime or trivial wrong,
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was—love to all man-kind;
Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
Or wouldst not bear the implements of war.
What then! Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'midst the intensest suffering!
Though beaten—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall exult and magnify thy name.

II.
THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.
High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scarce the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose:
Softer than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fire-side tale,
Or in sweet converse passes the joyous hours;
Tis up before the sun, running after
The dawn of day.

This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would particularly call our readers' attention, was the instance of outburst of feeling on his being imprisoned in his cell. The jailer shot the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of truth and genius, inscribed this manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which enclosed him.

On coming out of prison, the Apostle of freedom found new difficulties in his path; many hearts had grown timid, and no church or hall could be obtained in Baltimore for the delivery of a course of lectures against Slavery. The paper, also, in which he had been associated with Lundy could no longer be supported weekly. He retired, therefore, from it, and its original proprietor again resumed its management as a monthly publication.

For some time the American Colonization Society had been exciting great attention in the United States, and Mr. Garrison, before coming to Baltimore, was disposed to look upon it favorably. He believed that its objects were glorious, as represented—the abolition of the foreign slave-trade, and the evangelization of Africa. On mingling, however, with the most worthy and intelligent free colored people of Baltimore, he discovered that the society in truth vindicated the right of property in human flesh; was in favor of gradual abolition only on condition that the slave should be transported to Africa, from which his ancestors, not himself, were brought; that it held the ferocious prejudice against a sable complexion to be natural, and, as it asserted, one not in the power of religion to eradicate, because it was the "ordination of Providence." The society, in fact, was only a cunning device of the slaveholders to banish the free colored people, that the slaves might be held in more perfect bondage.

At this time the society was universally popular. The most eminent statesmen and persons of all political parties gave it their support, and fifteen of the states had officially sanctioned it besides which, every religious denomination was enlisted in its cause. When the true nature of this society first revealed itself to Garrison, he could scarcely believe his senses. He stood alarmed and astounded at view of the tremendous conflict which was opening before him against dissimulation, hypocrisy, and fraud. What was he, argued the weaker spirit within him, that he should arraign such an august association before the bar of public justice?—What was he—a young man without station, without influential connections, without wealth, and without any supporters? What could such an one, just liberated, too, from prison, do against the million? So reasoned the human nature of the man; but the strong spirit said—"Raise up thy voice for outraged humanity—unveil the insinuating mischief, and leave all to God!"

Accordingly he went to the North, and for some time found it impossible to obtain a public hearing. In Boston, not a chapel or public hall would open its doors to him. Finding all his attempts to disseminate his doctrines in this way fruitless, he resolved upon presenting himself as the apostle of freedom on the Common—a sort of public park—and under the free canopy of heaven to make the unfettered winds, as it were, his heralds to carry abroad the thunder-tones of

his great argument. To our thinking, no finer temple for the enunciation of his doctrine could have been found; but, however, a circumstance, which, even in itself, is a proof and a reproach to professors of that doctrine which preaches all men to be brothers, at length gave the slave the sanction of a roof. The disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him a free use of their hall, for his advocacy of the rights of man. In an infidel hall, therefore, he first proclaimed liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound. "I am a believer in Christianity," said he, at the close of his course of lectures, "and Boston is a Christian city; and I wish while I am constrained to acknowledge the superior immorality of what is called infidelity, to the Christianity of the day." True circumstances need no comment; by their fruits ye shall know them.

Great as was the force of conviction produced in many minds by these lectures, men of wealth and influence declined to aid Mr. Garrison—for his opinions were too extreme, his reform too radical, and, as yet, the Colonization Society, against which he waged war, was an idol which the so-called liberal and philanthropic worshipped. Nor was there yet any public organ by which he could disseminate his principles. The principles had already ruined several newspapers, and none would now lend their columns to the subject much less would any capitalist embark his solid dollars in so perilous an enterprise. Garrison, at this moment standing alone, and without the means of commanding a single penny, counted the cost of this great warfare for humanity. He had nothing to lose but his life, and that he was willing to sacrifice, if God so willed. His spirit was as indomitable as his heart was noble, and he resolved, at all hazards, to go on. Still without money, how could he do more than carry on a paper? His friends shook their heads at his "fantastic schemes." How was the first number of his paper to be brought out, much more sustained? Thanks, however, to good old E. K. Bartlett, he was a printer, and knew how to set type, and work at the press. He had, besides this, a stout, sturdy-seeming friend, one Isaac Knapp, whom he had known from childhood, and who, like him, was a printer. With this man he took counsel, and when two determined, great-minded men take counsel together, it would be strange if something did not result from it. They were both poor, could not command a sixpence of capital between them, but then they could work—out of that meagre things might be accomplished. These were, also, a third man, a mutual friend of theirs, a foreman in a printing establishment, who might help them, and to him they went. They engaged themselves to him as journeymen, on condition that their labour should cover the expenses of this important paper, which, even before it saw the day, was entitled the *Liberator*.

On the first of January 1831, the first number of this journal was published. It was an era in the history of emancipation; and though, in the first instance, free colored people were almost its sole supporters, it was not many weeks before its bold and noble proprietors were in a condition to purchase a little second-hand type, and an old press, which they set up in a small, obscure upper room, in the old Merchant's Hall. Many a gigantic result has had its obscure beginning in such small upper rooms. There was a time when the Anti-Corn-Law League had no better place of meeting for its halldom members—may, even the very apostles preached and promulgated Christianity itself in "small upper chambers."

For several years the *Liberator* was issued from this humble room, which also, for a considerable portion of that time, served its undaunted, indefatigable proprietors as printing-office, counting-house, eating-room, bedroom, &c. There is a moral sublimity in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings in the noble temperance, self-denial, and unquenchable fortitude of the men who conducted it. Sincere at heart, scorned at, threatened, persecuted, they still held on; high-hearted champions in the cause of humanity and freedom. Thank God, for such instances as these of true heroism! During the time of which we are now writing, Garrison and Knapp lived in the most frugal manner; their diet was principally bread and water; their luxury a little milk. The manual labor of the paper was performed by themselves alone; and, in addition to his share of this, Garrison had also to discharge the duties of editor, which were laborious enough. But, as we said before, the men were heroes, and to the true heroic mood there is neither difficulty nor impediment which cannot be overcome. When they were weary, and worn down with excessive toil, they remembered the lash-driven slave, and with a cheerful spirit they went along their arduous and rugged path.

Though the *Liberator* made its way but slowly among the white population, it created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders. A desperate attack was made in Virginia was attributed to Garrison and his influence; and scarcely a day passed without his receiving letters, containing challenges to fight him, or the most brutal and fiend-like threats of abduction, or assassination. Undaunted either by threat or intimidation, he published some of these brutal and vulgar letters in the columns of his paper, that the world might see of what spirit their writers were. The fear and hatred of him increased more and more in the Southern States, and at length threats and insults ceased to be private affairs, for the State of Georgia offered, through its Legislature, a reward of five thousand dollars for his life. His escape was truly miraculous.

On New Year's Day, 1832, just twelve months after the commencement of the *Liberator*, another grain of mustard-seed in the good cause of emancipation was sown, by the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society in America. This, likewise, was organized by Garrison, and consisted of twelve members—a small, but an apostolic number—among whom were David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, and other men of great influence and high standing. He had also in this year the satisfaction of successfully unmasking the true nature and designs of the so often mentioned Colonization Society, which he enabled to do from the official documents of their own body. This was at once a great step gained in his own cause. Still, this triumph only regarded America. In England, the Colonization Society was looked upon as the salva-

tion of the slave; it was hailed to the skies, as a new and glorious scheme of Christian philanthropy which was to atone the world. One Elliot Crosson, a member of the Society of Friends, but an ardent despiser of the colored man, was then travelling in this country, holding public meetings, and winning a deal of money and enthusiasm from the breasts and pockets of the people. By his arduous statements, and Quaker garb, and made of speech, he held a position of sleep. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Powell, Buxton, and nearly all the leading Abolitionists of England, at that time were misled by him. Wilberforce, however, soon saw through the impostor, and quickly denounced him.

Closely occupied as Garrison of necessity was, by his paper at home, and his labors, almost as it was for him to leave his post, he still thought it so important that this impostor should be exposed, that he should no longer delude the British public, that, at all risks, he resolved to come over to England for this purpose. In May 1832, accordingly he came, a stranger, and unauthorized by any influential body, and having here, as in America, to commence a warfare against a countryman, and against a cause which had seized upon the public mind as favorably as it had done at home. Fortunately, however, the false is seldom as bold as the true; and Crosson, who knew perfectly well the real nature of his, and the society's designs, made but a feeble opposition to his unlooked-for and fearless enemy on new ground, and in three months his career in England was brought to a sudden and inglorious end. He left this country for America a convicted impostor, and returned with shame and disgrace. Garrison's visit to England, on the contrary, was crowned with success; his simple, earnest manner and demeanor, in which truth and moral greatness were so forcibly impressed, instantly recommended him and the cause to every kindred mind; and shortly before he left this country, he had the satisfaction of receiving a most complete protest against the lately triumphant Colonization Society, signed by Wilberforce, Powell Buxton, Mowbray, Cropper, of Liverpool, George Stephens, William South, Lord Shaftesbury, Daniel O'Connell, and others. He had many most interesting and friendly interviews with Wilberforce, shortly before his death, which took place while he remained in England. He lived only a few weeks after he had signed the protest; and Mr. Garrison has been heard to say, that he considers it as one of the most noble privileges of his life to have attended that good man's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Poor Clarkson, at that time blind, and in a feeble state of health, could not credit the deception which had been practised upon him, and refused to sign the protest. Afterwards, however, having recovered his sight, and being able to read, and judge for himself, he addressed a long letter to Garrison, which was published in 1836, indignantly repudiating the deceptive course pursued by the Colonization Society, through their agent in this country.

During his visit to England, Garrison became acquainted with George Thompson, and impressed by his zeal, moral integrity, and wonderful eloquence, brought him to visit the United States, and to become a coadjutor with him, and the little handful of persecuted Abolitionists there—"to come over and help them," as the Apostles would have said. The report of Garrison's labors in England had crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival in New York he found the cause glowing through the city, stating that "the Infamous Garrison" had arrived, and was to be present on a certain evening at a public meeting, "and the friends of order, therefore, in the city"—*alike*, the friends of Slavery—"were invited to assemble and bury him to the tar-kettle." The whole city was in a state of excitement; the hotels were filled with refugees from the Southern States, who uttered publicly the most terrible threats against him. No soul interfered in his behalf, on the contrary, the daily papers were filled with inflammatory articles, calculated only the more to inflame the public mind. There is something perfectly sublime in the spectacle of one man, who has no other rule of conduct, and no circumstances, but peace and love, standing alone, as it were, in an infuriated city, putting his life in his hand, trusting all to God, and fearing no man.

When the hour of holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a coloring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and more determined man from that day; and what was better still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many, who had hitherto been sceptics, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth exerting for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the Slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalleled excitement. If Garrison had shined before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thoroughgoing emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1833, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of Slavery. His accession to the Anti-Slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more favorable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparring grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slaveholding States. Embassies, vowing eternal hatred and immitigable vengeance, were sent from the South to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1833, almost every Anti-Slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity, took

earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson and the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and distance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and, were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties.—There had existed for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary mothers, wives, and daughters—had been amongst the most active co-operators in the Anti-Slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay, even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; steadfast in what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"She is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments, full of religious, and with strong and well-expressed powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body, on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the Anti-Slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the Slavery-loving portion of the community. The shop-keepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Pleas were made up, stating that "that infamous second-day, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the Union to smother him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward of him who would first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the Mayor for protection at their last meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all, whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five-and-twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting, by presenting themselves three-quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. The spirit of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succor, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the Mayor entered in the greatest agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting, therefore, was adjourned, and the women, attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part in its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed at not finding Thompson, at that moment resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry, "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistance principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defense. "My dear brother," said this good Christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

At length fell into the hands of the mob, they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd, exclaimed, "Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extreme danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body; brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as he hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighboring street; not a voice, not a hand, was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his

*Mr. S. Parker, who was President.—[Ed. STANFORD.]

wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember, he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded on to the Mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person, his clothes were now literally torn from him, and as it seemed nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and self-stif courage of this brave man. His countenance at the time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in his serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! That is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the Mayor's office, whence, being clothed by the kindness of various individuals who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the Mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a mobster, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more furious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city police. Escape with life seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly wild with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience and a cheerful mind, he sat down in peace. In the course of the evening his friends came to sympathize and rejoice with him through the grate windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere form's sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JANUARY 9, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being buried in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Petersons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Burnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Editorial Correspondence.

On entering the village of Kirtland from the South, you first see that part of it which was formerly occupied by the Mormons, and whose houses were built in the immediate vicinity of the great Temple which they reared when the Church of the Latter Day Saints was in its comparative infancy. Most of the houses which they occupied are now tenanted, and gloom and desolation broods over the former homes of the followers of Joseph Smith. The Temple itself, which is a large, substantial, and was a handsomely finished building, bears the marks of premature decay; for the wordy papers who there assembled so few in number, they are not able to keep the building in good repair. We were told that the Temple at Nauvoo is twice the size of that at Kirtland—the latter, we should judge, will seat about one thousand persons. It is a stone edifice, containing two spacious rooms on the first and second floors, and a number of small apartments in the attic story. On two sides of each room, is a pulpit containing four tiers of seats, each seat designed for the accommodation of three persons. These we suppose were intended for the leaders in the church. They are cushioned and well finished, and bear some initial letters which are probably full of meaning to those versed in Mormonism, but as we had none such to explain them, we are ignorant of their signification. The room on the second floor is finished after the same pattern as that on the first, but we should judge from its somewhat inferior style, that it was designed to be used on more ordinary occasions than the basement. Heavy, white, oiled canvas curtains divide these apartments into two or four rooms at the pleasure of their occupants, so that two or four persons may be preaching in each at the same time without interfering with each other. Curtains are also arranged so as to fall over the pulpit, each seat having a separate set, which at the will of the three closes around and entirely excludes them from the congregation. The view from the steeple which surmounts the Temple, though not very extensive, is exceedingly beautiful. Directly below and around you is the village of Kirtland—the country beyond is broken up into miniature hills and valleys, except where upon the banks of the stream which winds among them is spread the Kirtland flats, the dead level of which contrasts finely with the somewhat rugged scenery around. Though the prospect is far less extensive, it reminded us of the view of the Connecticut, the Northampton meadows, and the other points of the

landscape which can be seen from Mt. Holyoke. But we must leave the top of the Temple for the basement story, in which we held our meetings.

When we reached Kirtland, we found but little notice had been given of our appointment. Probably most of the subscribers to the Bugle knew of it, but it is likely they depended each upon the other to give due notice, and the consequence was that but few were aware of it. Our afternoon meetings were small, but in the evening, we had one half of the Temple filled, and considerable interest was manifested. At our last meeting we had some opposition, though not very formidable in its character. As we had no acquaintance with any in the place, even by reputation, on our arrival we sought out the Temperance House kept by John Johnson. The first thing we saw on entering, was an Anti-Slavery paper, and we soon found that our host was an abolitionist. He and his wife made their house a pleasant home to us, and we would recommend it to all who may be travelling that way, as a quiet, neat, and very excellent stopping place. There is but one other Temperance House in that county.

At Painesville, the place of our next appointment, we had very interesting meetings and considerable discussion. General Paine—not the Liberty party, but the Whig—took exception to some remarks we made upon Giddings' position, and seemed to think it strange that the more of an abolitionist a politician was, the more the Disunionists opposed him. We endeavored to show how grossly inconsistent Joshua R. Giddings was and is, and told the audience that while we respected sincerity and consistency even in those whom we believed to be in error, we should not only oppose, but expose those whose actions we must regard as a violation of their own principles or professions. We were afterwards informed that when Giddings was in Painesville he took ground against the Disunionists, ridiculed the idea of secession from the Government, said it was impracticable, and that the Disunionists were involved in inconsistency so long as they paid taxes, received letters through the P. O., &c.; so our attack, as the General called it, should have been esteemed by him as an act of self-defense. James H. Paine—the former General—as well as some others, had a little to say about Liberty party. He declared he would never again vote for a man, who, like Samuel Lewis, was a member of a pro-slavery church; we hope it will not be with him as it is with hundreds of other politicians whom party management and party ties have induced to violate their convictions of duty. He admits that the Constitution is pro-slavery, and the only ground he has to stand upon while he maintains his present connection with a political party and a pro-slavery government, is to be found in the idea that the U. S. Constitution by some possibility, may be understood to convey a different meaning from that which the framers designed it to possess. Our meetings were held in the house occupied by "Father Keep," who attended them, and was a good deal disturbed by some of our remarks. We should have been glad to discuss the question with him, but he appeared rather cautious, and though he offered a few remarks, was unwilling to answer some questions we put to him in regard to the position of Liberty party.

At Cleveland, we saw Jas. W. Walker, who, we suppose, would be entitled to have "Reverend" prefixed to his name, had not the Wesleyan Conference followed his example and discarded its use. We expected to find in him a man who had a considerable share of the progressive spirit of the age, but did not suppose he was so very deeply imbued with the principles of reform as our brief but pleasant intercourse with him gave assurance. In addition to a clear perception of the Right which prepares him for his hearty reception, he has a firmness not easily overcome, a zeal which warms not in well doing, and a soul which delights to grapple with error. His is the only free pulpit in Cleveland—the only one in which practical righteousness is taught in lieu of the usual parade of theological husks upon which the clergy feed their flocks. The consequence is, that he is feared and hated by nominal professors, while the avowed skeptic cannot but recognize in his advocacy of pure and undebated religion as it exists in the sight of God the Father, a system that is suited to humanity and which humanly needs. Jas. W. Walker is undoubtedly doing a great work; his labors in behalf of reform cannot but be effective. Besides preaching in the Wesleyan Church at Cleveland, he holds Anti-Slavery, Peace and Temperance meetings throughout the neighborhood. He attended the Convention at Chagrin Falls and added greatly to its interest. Although we differ with him in regard to the position occupied by the Wesleyan Church, yet we feel assured that when he sees we are in the right he will stand by us. The Convention at the Falls continued three days, and was well attended except on the morning of the first day, when the weather was exceedingly stormy. These in attendance were interested in the discussions as was evident by the attention they paid and the many questions they asked.

We expected to return home immediately on the close of the Chagrin Convention, but the friends at Franklin urged us to hold a few meetings in their town; to this we consented, but the shortness of the notice and other

unfavorable circumstances, combined to give us but small audiences. They have a strange kind of religious teachers there. The M. E. Minister, who attended one of our meetings, has not yet emerged from the dark age of gradualism. He said that were he a slaveholder, although he would give immediate freedom to his bondmen, he was not satisfied it would be best to liberate the slaves generally without preparation. He seemed to have no appreciation of the doctrine of immediate repentance as applied to the slaveholder. The Presbyterian minister, whose name is Tracy, and who was formerly a missionary to China, has singular ideas of what constitutes the character of a Christian. In a private interview which he had with us, he expressed himself of opinion that a slaveholder might be a Christian, thought that John Newton was one when engaged in the slave-trade; and although he believed habitual horse-stealing would prove that the man who practised it was not right, yet he believed a man might steal a single horse and be a Christian; said that Peter was one when he denied his Lord and Master and repeatedly swore he knew him not. The man was certainly consistent in most of these positions; for it does not destroy a man's Christian character to steal a horse, a horse is a good church member though he steals a horse. If a Christian can sell God's image, and by making merchandise of Christ's little ones, deny his Lord, he who denies him with his lips is guilty of no great wrong. If this was the kind of religion he taught in China, the fewer converts he made to it the better. We endeavored at the last meeting we held in Franklin to expose the character of the religious teachers of the place, and warned the people against being led by their blind guides. Yet these men both profess to be abolitionists, and are, we suppose, "as much opposed to slavery as anybody, but

As this will be our last meeting during our present tour, we shall be at our post again before long.

Franklin Mills, Dec. 31st, 1846.

The News.

The miserable condition of many of the roads, the high waters which flooded the country, and other things that might be named, have caused so great a dearth of news in Salem that we shall be unable to give much this week.

We have seen it announced that the State and National Legislature have met, and suppose they have been transacting their business in the way which generally characterizes the commencement of a legislative session. In the former, we learn that various petitions have been presented, which are probably but the forerunners of many more of the same kind. Some of them ask for a repeal of the Black laws, some are in reference to the License laws, and some pertain to other matters which are doubtless interesting in the estimation of those who prefer them. A movement has been made for the abolition of capital punishment, and also to prevent the immigration of colored persons to this State; but in none of these things has there been more than an agitation upon the surface of the waters, when they are stirred to their very depths they will present something of more interest than they now do.

What they are doing in Congress, we know not. The Democrats are probably engaged in defending James K. Polk and proving that every thing that has been done in the prosecution of the Mexican war, has been done at just the best possible time, and in just the best possible way, and declaring they will not believe otherwise though an angel from heaven should teach the contrary. The Whigs on the other hand are probably denouncing the war as infamous, showing that in its origin and prosecution every principle of honor and justice have been violated; and then, when they have established this position, and soundly berated the President and his Cabinet for the part they have had in it, turning round and voting men and money to carry it on.

When we obtain particulars, our readers shall have them.

To each Subscriber for the Bugle.

I write to you individually. Will each subscriber for the paper consider this short note as addressed to him or herself and act accordingly!

We are much in want of funds. Quite a large sum is due on the first volume of the Bugle. Will those from whom it is due please pay promptly! The first six months of the 2nd volume will expire in three weeks more. Will not those who have not yet paid for it please to do so shortly!

Respectfully,
SAMUEL BROOKE.

Irregularity of the Mails.

From the North we hear complaints of frequent delays in receiving the Bugle. The fault is not ours, as we mail them all regularly on Friday in time for the mail. We have enquired at the post office, in this place, and learn that the mail bags are seldom large enough to carry away all of our papers on the day they are mailed. Hence some of those mailed on Friday are not carried away until Monday. The Postmaster has promised to write to the department for larger mail bags for this route in order to remedy this inconvenience.

*On the principle of immediate Emancipation.—[Ed. STANFORD.]

To Correspondents.

Upon resuming our editorial duties we find a large amount of correspondence of a very interesting character, all of which shall be inserted as opportunity offers.

The communication of A. G. W. will be read with interest—it filled us with fear and trembling lest slavery should have another victim, and then again with rejoicing that her efforts were unavailing.

"Observer" shall be heard soon. Friend Walker must have used up his opponent in a masterly way. We are always glad to hear of his movements—he is doing a great work for the cause of truth.

J. Miller's account of his expulsion from the M. E. Church is well suited to our columns. We honor his unyielding adherence to truth.

A. Chapman's position for help shall be heard ere long—we trust it will be granted.

N. Brown's article is on file for insertion. N. Solby's Hymn and Prayer is enough to make the blood curdle in every vein. It will be well to insert it—surely slaveholders can pay in no other way.

II. Cree's communication is received. Some weeks since N. S. sent us an article on the same subject—we suggested that he withdraw it, as the discussion was being prolonged to an unwarrantable length. This he did. II. C. will remember that the last article published in regard to that matter was his own, except a brief note from P. Smith, who is not a party to the controversy. The discussion has degenerated into a mere personal matter which has but little to do with the anti-slavery cause. We think the columns of the Bugle should not be occupied with it longer.

II. W. Curtis' account of the mob at Troy shall receive an early insertion. We are glad to be informed that Harriet N. Torrey has been holding meetings with friends Curtis and Hatch.

"A Subscriber" shall appear next week. W. E. L. sent us a private note, we understand, during our absence, which was lost. If it needed an answer, he will know by this why we do not reply.

We have several poetical effusions on hand, but think them hardly worthy an insertion.

The Fair.

On New-Year's day the rain came down in torrents, and the roads were nearly impassable, yet, notwithstanding the unpromising circumstances under which the Fair was held, the members of the Salem Sewing Circle feel so much encouraged by the success they met with that they are already recommending with renewed spirit and energy.—We say God speed them in their noble efforts, and may the Anti-Slavery women of other regions emulate them in their labors for the slaves redemption.

Which is better?—The Cin. Herald, in commenting upon the plan proposed by John Quincy Adams for the abolition of slavery, which consists in part of purchasing a certain portion of the slaves of their masters, states this objection to it among several others.

"We do not believe that men ought to be bribed to do right."

Now if we understand the measures proposed by the party with which the Herald is identified, they contemplate the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories of the U. S. and the overthrow of the Domestic slave-trade by political compulsion. Is it better to force than to bribe men to do right?

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.—We are glad to learn that this interesting and highly useful periodical is about to be enlarged and otherwise improved. It is the only paper in the United States, if not in the world, that is wholly devoted to the interests of the prisoners—the only one that week after week continues to plead for these poor outcasts from society, and labor for their restoration and reformation.

Its price from the commencement of the present year will be \$1.50 per annum, and we hope that those who wish to benefit the prisoner, will not be backward in subscribing for "The Prisoner's Friend." Address C. & J. M. Spear, 10 Cornhill, Boston.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, a Liberty party paper, but not enough of a party paper to suit Liberty party, has gone down. R. C. Fieson, its late editor, seemed to us to have the true spirit of a reformer, though in some respects to lack the true idea of reform, (we mean in our opinion.) He however pursued an independent course, acting up to the dictates of his conscience without submitting to dictation or party control; hence the paper could not be sustained. He is now running a steamboat between Wellsville and Pittsburg; an advertisement of which will be found in another column. We hope that he will be remembered in his new avocation.

67 We this week give a sketch of the life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Its length should deter no one from reading it, for it contains many interesting facts. Many of the recent converts to anti-slavery doctrine know but little of the early history and arduous labors of this faithful pioneer, and will be glad to receive the information it contains. When they have read it themselves, let them hand it to their neighbors.

To Agents.

We hope to see H. W. Curtis in Salem according to his arrangement. S. T. Creighton will please write each week, informing us where he will be until I can meet him.—E. J. Fuller and Leander Hatch will please do the same. Joel P. Davis and David P. Lowe may look for a letter at Economy, Wayne county, Indiana. S.

Lowe has been admitted to the Union, and has come in as a free State, so at least some of the newspapers say. Is she as free as Canada to the flying bondman, or is her still free hunting ground to the slavecatcher?—Is she as free as Britain to protect her colored seamen against southern imprisonment, or free as Massachusetts to be mobbed in the persons of her emigrants? Is she free to defend her own white citizens, or free as Ohio was to Virginian marauders? Is she free to stand aloof in defense of liberty, or free to the sword, to pestilence and to famine?

67 There are now more than 1700 subscribers for the Bugle. Each subscriber being an agent, we have 1700 agents. The issue of three more numbers will bring us to the middle of the second volume. Shall we have 1900 subscribers then, being 100 per month, which we have averaged as yet.

THE ANTI-SLAVON.—This is the title of a Phrenotypic newspaper issued by Andrews & Bogie of Boston. We have not yet received a copy, and know not whether it is published monthly or weekly, or what is its general character. When we have seen it, we shall be able to speak more particularly of its merits.

67 Upon our arrival home last week, we found there were not enough papers printed to supply the new subscribers whose names we brought. Those who do not receive it quite as soon as they expected will now understand the reason of the delay.

67 Since the outside of this Bugle, and part of the inside was made up, the Editors of the paper arrived at home and will perhaps be ready to recommence their editorial labors before this No. is issued. S.

LIBERTY PARTY VOTE IN NEW YORK.—The vote polled for Bradley, its candidate for Governor, was 12,844. In 1844, Alvan Stewart received for the same office 15,156 votes. Decrease 2,312.

Ohio Legislation.

Some of the citizens of Ashland co. sent to the House of Representatives a memorial on the Dissolution of the Union—asking the Legislature to stand by a resolution it adopted a few years since. The reminiscences which its presentation called up were exceedingly unpleasant to some of the members of the Legislature, and as the best means of banishing from their recollection all memory of their Disunion resolution, they resorted to the following means:

Dec. 25th, 1846.

Mr. Trimble of Highland, on leave from the committee on Federal Relations, reported back a petition from certain citizens of Ashland county in relation to a dissolution of the Union, and asked to be discharged from a further consideration of the same, and that the petitioners have leave to withdraw the petition.

Mr. Smith of Hamilton, moved to amend "that the petitions be sent back to the petitioners, upon which the yeas and nays were demanded, and recorded ayes 29, noes 36."

The question then being upon agreeing to the report of the committee, recorded ayes 37, nays 18—the report was agreed to.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Liberty Party—Anti-Slavery.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 25, '46.

Friends Editors:

I have for some time been watching the movements of the men composing the Liberty party, and have arrived at this conclusion, that whatever else that party is, it is not anti-slavery. I profess to be somewhat acquainted with their movements in this place, having had my eyes wide open for some time past. In this city there are a multitude of rank pro-slavery synagogues, and one anti-slavery church. If they were anti-slavery, (if they believed in supporting churches at all) would they not support the latter? But this is not the case, and never has been the case; they are found sitting under the teachings of men they know to be opposed to anti-slavery movements, and contributing to their support, while the other church is left to manufacture anti-slavery sentiment alone.

No person doubts the anti-slavery character of J. W. Walker, and there was a time when he was all that the Liberty party desired. Would you believe it, that even during that time, not one of them, excepting the members of his church, contributed a dollar to his support! At the time of S. S. Foster's last visit to this city, J. W. W. opposed the lying course of the American, when one of the leading men threatened in my hearing to withdraw their sympathy from him.—From that day they have rarely entered his church I am told. The party have invariably, every time a lecturer has come along appointed for friend Walker's pulpit, and have never been refused. They have had the church without charge, in every case. Last Monday evening the members of the church gave a donation visit. I looked, but not a third party leader was there. I felt rather curious and obtained leave to examine the

list of names, but a leading Liberty name out of his church was not there. I mention these things to show that they will not support anti-slavery churches, or anti-slavery men. The above is but a drop, but it is one of the drops. They can support a member of the "Brotherhood" for governor, but not an anti-slavery man for minister.

LOOKER ON.

The first number of the Herald of Truth is before us; when time permits, the publication will no doubt receive a farther notice, at present we publish the notice the Cincinnati Herald has given it, together with a Prospectus for it.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH.—Mr. Hine's periodical has appeared under its new name, and it is placed upon a permanent basis. Though published by a company, it still remains under his editorial management. We think the fact of his having sustained the work up to this time, evidence of merit. We have read this number, and without endorsing all its opinions, can recommend it to all intelligent and thoughtful minds. We shall have more to say of it hereafter.

PROSPECTUS. THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH may be divided into three classes: the Sectionarian, the Partisan, and the Popular. Of the fifteen hundred serial publications in our land, I know of but two or three which pretend to be devoted to the Cause of Truth on all subjects, unrestrained by sectional or partisan interest, or by a desire, from selfish motives, to please the greatest number of readers. Those which are not controlled by some religious sect, or political party, or other society of exclusives, are decidedly of the popular class, and will defend no cause, however good, if it is unfavorably regarded by the mass; nor publish the honest opinions of any individual, if they be opposed to the general sentiment. Hence, the Periodicals of the day, do not maintain an unswerving allegiance to Truth, on the triumph of which depends the greatest good of the human family. The Cause of Truth demands Journals devoted to her interests, thro' whose pages the thoughts of every candid mind can be brought before the public and thoroughly canvassed.

To supply, in part, this desideratum, is the HERALD OF TRUTH projected. It will be emphatically what its name purports, a Herald of Truth, on all subjects, without reference to the interest of any exclusive Sect, Party, or Society, or to popular considerations.

It will be devoted to the interests of Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Science and Art. It will review such of the new publications as are of substantial value, and canvass all questionable doctrines that may be published. Philosophers have demonstrated the infinite wisdom and boundless benevolence of God in contemplating His Physical Universe, and it is time the same demonstration were made in relation to the Mental World. In the former, the sublime Order is manifest, while in the latter, the debasement and miseries that afflict mankind, indicate the deepest confusion and disorder. He is not responsible for the evils of the Mental Universe, for man originated them, and by man they can and will be removed.

The discussion of the laws of our mental and physical organization, and the necessity of obedience to them, as the only mode of human regeneration, will constitute a particular feature of the HERALD OF TRUTH. It will engage vigorously in all the Reformers of the day which are founded in Truth, and as it will "chase all thorns" and "believe all things," for the final triumph of Humanity over all evil, the only limit to its aspirations will be the entire redemption of the Human Race.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH is published monthly, in Cincinnati, containing eighty octavo pages, neatly printed on fine paper. It will comprise two volumes annually, of 180 pages each, and will be offered on the following liberal terms:

One yearly subscription, \$3.00; Two copies per year, \$5.00; Five copies per year, \$11.00; Ten copies per year, \$20.00; Twenty copies per year, \$36.00. The offer of twenty copies for the extraordinary low price of \$3.00, is made to those alone who form a club and order the work to be sent to the same Post Office. A liberal discount will be made to Agents.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH is placed on a firm basis by several individuals of great pecuniary power. It will appear promptly on the first of every month.

Papers copying this Prospectus a few times will receive the work.

A. L. HINE, Editor.

Cincinnati, January 1, 1847.

Virginia—Parkersburg Kidnappers.

We think the writer of the following, from the State Journal, must be either green, or seems to suppose that the Slave States—or at least Virginia—are bound to respect the rights of their neighbors! Where has he been living the last twenty years? Does he not know that on all occasions, when any of the Southern States have sought an end, the obligations of the Union, or the rights of citizens of the free States have been as straws in their way. He should be aware that "religion" confers privileges, rather than requires duties. The chivalrous Knight was privileged to prey upon unarmed labor, and never dreamed that the injured and rights and the "high minded and honorable" of which the writer speaks, must mean, that the "white gentlemen" must mean, that Virginia is too "high minded" to perceive that "honorable" are bound to respect the rights of those who make no extra pretensions.—*Edwin Courier.*

The Supreme Court of Virginia, now in session at Richmond, has discharged the citizens of Ohio, who were some 18 months since kidnapped in Washington county, taken to Parkersburg, and for a long time confined in prison there. The Virginia court has decided—as it was bound to decide—that it had no jurisdiction of the matter against those individuals, inasmuch as the jurisdiction of that State extends only to low water mark on the western bank of the Ohio River. Thus it will be seen that Virginia recedes from the high ground which she had assumed—and with rather an ill grace, considering the principle of criminal prosecution against citizens of Ohio, for what she now admits was no offence against her sovereignty or her laws! It would have ap-

peared better for the *mercantile* Old Dominion, had she omitted to assert her extrajurisdiction and unbecomingly. It would have appeared better, had she admitted to bail those whom she now admits to have been unoffending citizens of a border State, when ample bail was offered; rather than to have incarcerated them in jail for months, on the most frivolous pretences. As it is, it would seem to have been the deliberate purpose of the Virginia authorities to punish these individuals at all events—whether they had committed an act rendering them amenable to the laws of Virginia or not. Such is the inevitable inference to be drawn from their acts. Such conduct is unworthy the character of any people—much less a people whose *land* is their high minded and honorable bearing.

"These men may, for aught we know, have been guilty of all that was charged against them; they may have assisted slaves escaping from servitude, to elude their pursuers. We know nothing of this—nor is it material to the case. The simple question is, did they offend against the laws of Virginia? If so, let them be judged by those laws, and abide their penalty. But whether guilty or innocent, they were entitled to a fair and early hearing. This has been refused them; and while they have been at all times ready to enter upon that hearing, and the prosecution has sought delay, they have evaded no desire to avoid the issue—but have tendered the most ample security for their appearance to answer to the charges brought against them. *This, too, was denied them!* And now, after the lapse of near two years, the authorities of Virginia let them go—not for want of a disposition to visit them with condign punishment, but because they have no jurisdiction of the offence! If, then, they have, without authority of law, and against right, detained these men in prison, let them not shrink from the performance of their duty towards them. Let them make amends to the individuals for the wrongs inflicted upon them—or else let us hear no more vauntings of 'high-minded, honorable Virginia!'"

Debate on Slavery.

A debate, on Slavery in Maryland, was opened before the Murray Institute, in the session room of the Universalist Church, Calvert street, on Wednesday evening, to be continued next week. The question is a home one, viz: "Would the Abolition of Slavery promote the wealth and prosperity of Maryland?" The discussion was opened by John C. Holland, in the affirmative, which was further sustained by J. E. Snodgrass, who spoke by request of the President of the association. The negative was opened by William McBrierty, supported by Dr. Porter. The question has taken a pretty fair start and promises to do good. By its very terms, it luckily shuts out the usual cry of "northern interference," and facts and arguments will have to be given, instead of unworthy and silly taunts and jeers. We shall report progress, as this interesting discussion continues, as it no doubt will for several weeks, for there seems to be a lively and growing interest felt in the audience, as well as the members of the Institute.

The above, which we copy from the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, is another evidence of the progress of the anti-slavery cause. The same paper gives a report of the debate, and from the following extract from a speech made on a subsequent evening, it would appear it has resulted in at least one conversion.

"One of the speakers, Mr. Holland, said he would define his position in relation to the question now under consideration. At the last meeting of the institute, it would be recollected that he had opened upon the affirmative, in compliance with the desire of the President, although his feelings were at that time, in the negative. Since then he had examined the question more minutely, and that examination had brought him to the conclusion that the best interests of the State would be promoted by abolishing Slavery.—(Applause.) He had no doubt that the wealth and prosperity of Maryland would be increased thereby. Being wedded to neither side, he had read diligently and examined dispassionately all the facts in his possession, and he would say that he had been driven to take the position he now occupied, and which he would now maintain to the best of his ability."

In a later paper we find the following announcement.

The Debate on Slavery, before the Murray Institute, is still progressing, and growing in spirit, with new speakers, and a decided increase in the number of listeners. It was adjourned over, on Wednesday evening, for the fourth time, by desire of the audience. This question of Slavery has been up before two other Lyceums this week, showing that it is the question of the season. We shall learn and report the decisions hereafter.

We had expected to give further reports of the debate before the Institute, but have been disappointed by the reporter failing to write out his notes in time.

Horror of Monterey.

A young soldier named Wykoop, of Zanesville, Ohio, who was in the light at Monterey, writes home to his friends as follows:

"During the fight of the second day a flag of cessation was sent to the Mexicans, requesting a few hours to bury the dead which were strewn in frightful piles over the field. This was refused, and the wounded and dead lay where they fell, beneath the rays of the scorching sun, till the battle was ended. It was then almost impossible for our men to endure the stench while they heaped dirt over the poor fellows where they lay. The bodies of the dead were as black as coals; many of them were stripped of their clothing by the Mexicans during the night. Several of those who were wounded during the first day's fight, crawled into the ditches and holes to avoid the balls which were rolling like hailstones over the field, whence, exhausted by the loss of blood, they were unable to crawl or give signs of distress. As a consequence many perished, though some who were found in this condition, were removed and are recovering.—*Zanesville White.*"

It is a singular fact that while the great staples of the South—cotton in particular—have been increasing steadily and rapidly in amount, they have been diminishing as speedily and *more* rapidly in value. Cotton has increased in amount, in the last two years, 100 per cent., and in value it has fallen off 25 per cent.

Belings in Congress.

The lower house of Congress having at length gotten through with their angry debate on the reference of the topics of the President's message to the proper committees, we shall probably have something to report in the way of "work done," hereafter. So far there has been little else besides talk, talk—the worst kind of talk, because untruthful, and, besides, in tendency. To wit: the disgraceful speech between Davis, of Kentucky, and Bailey, of Virginia, which would have led to another "Clay affair," had not the police interfered, to the causing of Bailey to give bonds to \$5000, and Davis to fly to this city!

The most important business done since the Christmas recess, was the passage of a resolution to clothe the naked backs of the volunteers now in Mexico!

Mr. Harlan, of Ohio, from the Military Commission, reported a Joint Resolution which passed the two Houses of Congress on Monday, as drawn by the Secretary of War, and moved by Mr. Walker, proposing a supply of clothing to the Volunteers, upon the terms and in the manner provided by the regulars. A slight amendment was made, placing the clothing at the disposal of the Quartermaster, instead of the Colonel of the regiment, and the Resolution was then ordered to be engrossed and passed.

The Secretary of the Senate then appeared with the mournful tidings of the death of Senator Barrow. All was now a solemn contrast to the personal alterations, and excitement upon personal matters, which had occupied the attention of the House during the previous part of the day. The eyes of those who came from the Senate Chamber, almost without exception, were moistened with tears. The Secretary of the Senate announced the brief and solemn proceedings, and the Resolution there adopted was read by the Clerk. The customary resolutions were offered by Mr. Moore, of Iowa, and adopted with the impressive solemnity of all-prevailing silence. The funeral took place on Thursday, from the Hall of the House, to which time the two Houses adjourned.

Senator Barrow died at Barrum's Hotel, in this city, on Tuesday morning, after a very brief illness.—*Balt. Sat. Vis.*

Free Negroes in Virginia.

It would seem as if Southern men were being given up to run their own race and kneel out their own brains. They are fast arraying the humanity of the world against them. Their disregard of the Constitution, of benevolence, of the feelings of mankind, and the rights of the colored man, bond or free, and of Northern men, are giving an impetus to Anti-Slavery feeling which will soon be overwhelming. Think of fifty thousand men, women and children driven from their country and their homes, as is here recommended by the Governor of Virginia, in his message.—*Free Democrat.*

"I regard our free negro population as one of our greatest evils, and to get rid of it as one of our highest duties. Great as may be the apparent difficulty of accomplishing this desirable measure, it would dwindle into insignificance, under a bold and decided treatment. But all I now promise is the passage of a law providing that each county, at our next annual election, shall have the right to vote upon the question of removing the free negroes, within their respective limits, beyond the Commonwealth—that all counties voting affirmatively shall communicate the fact to the Executive, who shall be required to remove the free negroes within such counties, after six or twelve months notice; and that such population shall not thereafter be permitted to reside therein. Such a law, dependent upon the vote of the people within their respective counties, if adopted in a single county—relieving the white man and the slave therein of a great and unmitigable evil, inflicting no inhumanity upon the free negro, but, by placing him in a community exterminating other and it may be more generous views of his rights and capabilities, actually improving his prospect of bettering his condition—would commend itself in a very high degree to our constituents, and will, gentlemen, find favor, I sincerely hope, with their representatives. Even if the proposed law should not be adopted in a single county, its mere existence, with the power at any time to give it vitality, would materially aid us in the management of this unhappy race."

From the Liberty Bell for 1847.

The Destiny of our Nation.

BY PARKER PILGRIM.

This nation is hastening to its baptism.—It is a baptism of blood. It were downright Atheism not to believe it. It was prophecy, dictated by inspiration, when the sage of Monticello, beholding the tears of the oppressed, exclaimed, "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just."

No matter, though the warning were not thundered from Mount Sinai, nor threatened in stern decree, by Hebrew prophet commissioned of God. It was founded on the highest, holiest philosophy. It was based on nature's irrevocable statutes—on the never-changing law, that links events to their causes, throughout the universe.

By a moral evaporation has our guilt been ascending, until the dark cloud charged with thunder; too soon to hurl the bolts of all nature's righteous indignation down upon us. Sorry philosopher is he who thinks to stay the desolation. Nature must be false to herself, must repudiate her eternal mandates, or the dread prediction shall be fulfilled.

There is a moral, as well as a physical gravitation; and the laws of both are beyond all reversion. Call it what men may, the vengeance of Jehovah, or the action of natural causes and effects, the result is the same.

Who needs one to come from heaven, to assure him that "the wages of sin is death"? The solemn declaration is written, not on Judean parchment alone, by pen of inspiration, but on nature's broad face, from system to system, all over the dominion of God.

There is no longer hope. The Church ought to have averted the doom. She might have done it. But instead, she has invited it, with most unholy zeal. No depravity has been too desperate for her to sanction. Slavery has been her delight, war her pride.—Sacred to her altar has been the blood of Bunker and of Calvary. Washington she worshipped. Bonaparte she almost deified—warrior in Heaven, whetting his sabre on the scales of the New Jerusalem, leading it to the blood of the King's enemies, and then turning, to be crowned with laurels in some celestial Tuilleries, or palace of St. Cloud—

all because he once declared, (possibly knowing what he said,) "the death of Christ is the death of God."

There is no salvation in such a Church.—She is the millstone on the nation's neck, to make more dread and certain the nation's calamity.

Milford, New Hampshire.

WHAT NEXT?—The Nashville (Tenn.) Union of the 12th ult. contains the following choice item of intelligence:

"At a Missionary meeting held in the Methodist church, on Monday night, funds were raised for making Gen. Taylor, Col. Campbell, Col. Anderson, Capt. Cleburne, and Capt. Foster life members of the *Confederate Machinery Society*. These compliments will be duly appreciated by the brave officers, who are winning laurels on the field of battle."

We have heard of people *stealing* the liver of heaven to serve the devil in, but this is the first instance that has come under our notice, in which a society of professing Christians have furnished the aforesaid liver unsolicited and gratis. The next piece of intelligence that we expect to be called upon to record, is, that active measures are to be taken for raising the necessary funds in order to constitute Gen. Taylor and all his subordinates, including Captains Coy and Cullum, as life members of the *American Peace Society*.—*Ch. Citizen.*

A BRITISH NOTICE.—The following is from a Southern paper:

"The undersigned has received instructions to publish for all British subjects that her Majesty's Government have come to the determination of prohibiting all British functionaries, residing in slaveholding countries, from administering on the estates of deceased persons, in cases in which slaves form part of the property of the deceased."

CHARLES DUNNIN WAKE.

H. B. M. Consul for South and North Carolina. December 10, 1846.

This is one of Lord Palmerston's new projects to avoid the recognition of slaves as property when held by British subjects.—*Low. Jour.*

CAMP ANECDOTE.—A friend who has just returned from the camp on the Rio Grande, furnishes the following as the manner in which a Dutchman who was on sentry duty proclaimed the hour. The usual cry is—"Half past ten o'clock, and all's well."—The Dutchman had forgotten the precise words, and sung out at the top of his voice—"More as den o'clock and all ish better as good."

TIP FOR TAX.—Our colored friends in Hayti have adopted a new constitution, which provides that no white man shall hold real estate or become a citizen of that republic.

MARRIED.

On the 24th ult., by Friends' Ceremony, at Columbus, George N. Harpoon, of Salem, to REBECCA A. DIXSON, of the former place.

ATTENTION

TO BUSINESS WILL SAVE COST.
The undersigned, having disposed of their stock of Goods, wish to have their race's closed as soon as possible. We shall continue to take produce at cash prices on all debts due us, until the 20th day of February next. All accounts not closed either by cash, produce or note, prior to that date, will positively be left with the Justice of the Peace for collection, without reserve. One of us will be found at all times at the old stand now occupied by Pettit and Greiner.
Pressing demands force us to this extremity.

LEE & BULL.

East end Main street, Salem, Jan. 1, 1847.

BOOKS.

A new assortment of books just received and for sale by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are:

Douglas' Narrative, in muslin,	40 cts
" " in paper, with-	
out portrait,	25 "
Archy Moore, handsomely bound,	40 "
Despotism in America,	37 1/2 "
Branded Hand,	35 "
Christian Non-resistance,	37 1/2 "

Also, a variety of pamphlets, including the Slaveholders' Religion, Brotherhood of Trades, Disunion, &c. The Liberty Cap or children—price 8 cents.

Regular Tri-Weekly Packet between PITTSBURGH AND WELLSVILLE.

STEAM-BOAT

ARENA.

B. C. FLEESON, Master, Will run as a Regular Packet, Tri-Weekly, between Pittsburgh and Wellsville, leaving Pittsburgh every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and Wellsville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

December, 1846.—74.

MEDICAL.

DRS. COPE & HOLE

Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions.

In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem. January 1, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED

Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Paramatta Cloths, cheap Cassinets and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plaid French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by

HEATON & IRISH.

Der. 28th 1846.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calfskins, Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fish, Gun, mould Candles. Far by the cat and barrel. Turpentine, Spem Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 28th, 1846.

POETRY.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since
Fled
Flit over the brain, like ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory, that vanished too
soon,
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's
noon;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood left;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame:
The home of my childhood; the haunts of
my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous
time
When the feelings were young and the world
was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to
view;
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, forgone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered by none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts un-
done.
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger
may seem,
I fly to the desert afar from man!
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome
life,
With its scenes of corruption, oppression and
strife;
The proud man's frown and the base man's
fear,
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood,
and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts
are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's
sigh,
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing
steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the desert land!
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's
glen;
By the valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gazelle, and the hart-
beest graze,
And the kudu and eland unheeded recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with
wild-vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his
wood,
And the river-horse gambols unseared in the
foed,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his
fill.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the fleetest
cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
And the timorous quagga's shrill-whistling
neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild howl scouring the denolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of his rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their
nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass-
ed.
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and
fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight out from the yawning
stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fountain,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
And the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me
sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight
sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

A LONDON LYRIC.

BY "HARRY CORNWALL."

(Without.)
The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drown-
ing rain.
Without, in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobeth alone her grief, her pain;
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But hunger, her friend, with his cold, gaunt
hand,
Grasps her throat—whispering huskily,
"What dost thou in a Christian land?"
(Within.)
The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within;
Flaves are waiting in crimson and gold—
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.

The crackling wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quail-
ing
"Happiness"—"honor"—and all for him!

(Without.)

She who is slain 'neath the winter weather—
Ah, she once had a village fame,
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame.
Now her allies are the tempests howling,
Prodigal's curses—self disdain—
Poverty—misery—Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain.

The harlot's fame was her doom today,
Disdain—despair; by to-morrow's light
The rugged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusky night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and it's "fever" o'er;
So, let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(Within.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town.
Liar—betrayer—false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin!
His peers, they scorn—high dames, they
shun him!
Unbar yon palace and gaze within.

There—yet the deeds are all trumpet sound-
ed—
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
Men of high honor salute him "friend."
Skies! Oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! Oh, where do thy wonders end?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Western Citizen.

OUR SOCIAL STATE, AND ITS EVILS.

Man is awake to a sense of misery. Evil has overspread the world. It is true that some lands are comparatively blest. Americans, while they behold the terrible ills under which the laboring classes of Britain groan, bless God that they were born Americans. But we are treading the path England has trodden. We, too, are becoming a great nation. The whelp is growing to be a lion, and it will soon have claws and teeth to be dreaded. The world is filled with poverty, crime and degradation. We are told that man is inherently vile; and that his villainy is the cause of all this evil: granted; but how comes he thus vile? All agree that he did not come thus from the hand of his Creator. That God has established certain laws for the government of man's moral and material nature, those will acknowledge who do not believe in chance. If man is in harmony with these laws he is righteous. But if society is so constituted that it is impossible for man to live in obedience to these laws, who is to bear the blame of the failure? Man must suffer the consequences; and, as no man can suffer alone, society must suffer. But where is the blame to rest? On man, or on a false state of society?

"What can we reason but from what we know?" We know that there are states of society, where crime, of necessity, grows rank and dreadful. Speculation has followed speculation in the world upon the origin of evil. One class of men has asserted that it was owing to the doctrine of total depravity; though these stopped short and did not inquire into the origin of this doctrine. The world was once said to stand on a turtle, but what the turtle stood on was not said. The views of those who have endeavored to account for the existence of evil, are peculiarly unsatisfying. A very small number have charged all evil upon that religion that teaches us to "bless them that curse us, and to do good to those who persecute us." Because these speculations have been false, shall we cease to inquire why man is evil, and why he is miserable?

The world seems to be determined that its hollowness shall not be exposed. Men hold down, with all their strength, the evil that covers the falseness of society, even when that falseness is cankering their very souls. Like the Spartan, man covers the fox carefully with his cloak, that is tearing out his vitals. For years, the pages of our Journals and Reviews have teemed with accounts of the evils which oppress the people of the Old World. But we need not look away from our own land for miseries. We can see in our midst ever-worsening, wasting toil, and for what? Not for health, or life in its higher sense, but for the mere life of health of the body. We have our poor struggling for existence—we have daughters sacrificing life, in toil and anxiety, for a dying father or a sick mother, who have been worn out in the false labor of our society—the death-struggle for life. We have our crowded attics, with their diseased and dying inmates; we have deadly miasma ascending from our filthy cities: all these, and numerous other evils are here, and human intelligence and human virtue will yet come up in their might and remove these evils.

It is evident to the philosopher that the natural laws are not known, and consequently cannot be obeyed. Society is held together by arbitrary rules and regulations, which are only to be endured, because they are better than that worse state that men would fall into without them. One of the greatest evils of the present state is, that men are disintegrated. The immense power that is obtained by combining the material forces of men, may furnish a hint of what men may become by a union of spiritual forces. Man was made for sympathy and companionship. If he finds them not with the good, he will seek them with the evil. The want of sympathy is everywhere felt. The interests of men run counter to each other. They are continually fastened to the material, and obliged to contend, till they lose sight of spirituality and sympathy together, and man might now not unaptly be defined as a being that buys and sells. Men and women, whose souls are developed, are everywhere soul-starved. In the great struggle to live, men come to have little but worldly consideration to keep them in the line of duty. It is not love of truth that induces them to act or refrain from acting, but fear of the scorpion whip of public opinion.

We see around us a strange, wild, disor-

derly development of mind, which seems worse than death. What do we want? We want true harmonic development. We have everywhere disjointed fractions of humanity called men. Women are more shapeless and fragmentary than men, as the porcelain clay of creation is weaker and more easily crushed, than the sterner, and coarser material of which man is formed.

Nothing more fully demonstrates the state of a nation or people, than the state of the religious sentiment. The tendency in man's nature to worship, to adore, is so strong that it is found wherever man is found. The rudest savage has some traces of this divine instinct that connects man with Divinity. If the religious sentiment is false, or degraded, the love of man for woman is always degraded in a corresponding degree. True love always elevates. But how many in this age look upon love as debasing, or at least dangerous? Alas for man when legalized hate takes the place that love should alone occupy! And such is our social compact and economy, that we dare not speak words of condemnation concerning these things. Though a deep groan of agony goes through the length and breadth of our land, because of the false usurping of the place of the true, it is smothered—we dare not even groan aloud. We have put darkness for light, and falsehood for truth. If we expose the time-honored errors of a false Christianity, men fear that we are about to destroy religion. And if we bring to light the hollow hypocrisy that stands in the place of true affection, "that steals the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in," we are often accused of attacking truth. If we speak of the dependence and subservience of woman in a married state, as it at present exists, and if we say that affection is often crushed out of her heart by this dependence, men fear that the institution of marriage is attacked. They forget that marriage has its foundation in the nature of man—that it is a Divine Institution, and therefore eternal.

True marriage can never be endangered by ever so scorching criticism upon that which is false, and though we may shrink from the contemplation of its evils in its present state, still they must be met and battled with as men fight fire, earnestly though in terror. Marriage, like the religious sentiment, may be degraded, but it cannot be destroyed. If there are, in every time, some few atheists who form exceptions to the fact of the universal existence of the religious sentiment, they cannot destroy this sentiment. Nature is always too strong for exceptions. So of marriage. The universal want of the soul is for permanent ties; for a unity and harmony which shall exist forever. This prayer of the soul is the earnest of its fulfillment. It will be answered in time, in spite of arbitrary law, which has no foundation in the fitness of things, and in spite of those exceptive monsters who ask for general license. There is little true heroism in our age, for we dare not look the facts of existence in the face. There are too many who have a childish fear that the truth will be destroyed. Let such learn for their comfort that truth is immortal.

Woman, even in the 19th century, is reduced to a state of dependence, utterly incompatible with true development. She must often barter her soul, with all its true sentiment, all its desire for inward harmony, and spiritual companionship, for a home. There are evils, generated by a life of idle dependence, that I cannot now bring to view. Enough now to say, they are reflected back upon man, with terrible distinctness, and cause many of his sharpest miseries. Woman is often, at an early age, made dependent on the husband for all things, from the food she eats, to her ideas and opinions. Is she happy in this state of servility? Is the chained laven happy? Is the caged bird happy? They may be, for they have not a human soul. But the light of an undying soul can never be holily put out. We often see, in our most refined females, weak and aimless beings. It is a sad fact which I would not utter did I not love Truth. But why is woman thus weak? She has no occupation, by which she can become free from crushing dependence. Too often, there is no way for her, but ignoble submission, or management and deception. But men say, "we are satisfied with things as they are." Women may say, "we wish no more liberty than we have." I war not with such, or for such. The darkest feature in slavery is that it blots out the innate love of freedom, and makes its victim wear a willing chain.

I acquit man of intentional injustice to woman. He is no more unjust to her than to his social state, and both are equally to be commiserated.

Man expects firmness of principle, steadiness of purpose, clearness of understanding, and vigor of action, from a being broken by disease, taught that it is her highest duty to obey, and who has been confined in her education to the circle of domestic cares, or the frivolous round of fashionable dissipation. "Can men expect grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" But amid all depressions and distressing influences, we have noble examples of goodness and greatness in woman. The province of man seems to be to discover Truth. Woman accepts it from him—polishes, beautifies and makes it acceptable. In her sphere, she is not less honorable than man. Because woman loves man, more than he can love her, is she therefore his inferior? God is omnipotent; and He is Love.

The world is just now divided into two great classes, the agitators, and the non-agitators. One class seems to think that they are in possession of all Truth, and that there is no necessity for inquiry. New Truth is, to them, as impossible of discovery as the new world was to the faithless contemporaries of Columbus. If we tell this class of persons that our present social order is wrong, and produces the very crimes that it punishes with such vindictive severity, they are like the men of Spain, who, with the exception of the friars of St. Stephen, entrenched themselves behind one dogged position, viz: "that after so many profound philosophical investigations, and so many able navigators had been voyaging about the world for ages, it was great presumption, in an ordinary man like Columbus, to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make." This is precisely the position of our modern wise men of the conservative order.

Why should those who are established on the immutable rock of Truth, fear agitation? It should not be feared. It is to the moral world, what storms are to the material world—what winds are to the Ocean. The Ocean becomes a breathing, crawling mass of corruption without the agitating breeze, and fit-

ly does it emblazon the world of mind in the calm of moral death. But the Angel of the Lord is troubling the waters.

The character of our Age is Philosophical, is Religious. Philosophy, true, or false, gives reasons. Religion, true, or false, leads men to worship. It is a part of the philosophy of our Age to imitate its vengeful deliries. It is the pride of the Age to worship, and we shall have plenty of zealous and respectable worshippers, so long as men find it for their interest, as they suppose, with God and man, to keep the semblance of piety. "What shall I gain by it?" is the question every where asked. It would be strange if this all-permeating spirit of gain-getting were excluded from man's worship. And is man to be blamed for acts and opinions that are the inevitable consequence of his position and organization? In our present social state man is isolated. He must strive for self. Often a dozen are dependent on his unaided head, or hands. The temptation to fraud is for this reason strong—but how much stronger does it become, when honor, respectability, peace is to be preserved, as well as life. Men say, "we respect honest work, whether clothed in rags or broadcloth." We hear the assertion—think we feel its value, and—give our warmest welcome to the scheming, over-reaching speculator, or reputable defrauder, who wears a fine coat and gold chain.

"Crimes, necessitated, and inevitable, are committed with fearful regularity, and in preassignable proportions." Can we consider for a moment, that a social state is right, that produces so many broken hearts, so many murders, and suicides, so many victims of shame and reprobaton yearly, and that, too, in "respectable and propitious" Must society foredoom the lovely babe to be a murderer, or daughter of infamy, and yet go on multiplying victims unquestioned!

L'ORIENT.

THANKSGIVING IN PRISON.

VISIT OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY AT SING SING.

By solicitation of the Chaplain and Keepers of the Mount Pleasant State Prison, the Hutchinson Family spent the last Thanksgiving Day at that institution. They were prompted to comply with the invitation thus extended to them by the conviction that, in no other way could they so appropriately manifest their thankfulness for God's favor as by making their peculiar gifts subservient to the moral reformation of those whose relations to Society excluded them on that day from the sacred pleasures of a social reunion with relatives and friends around the domestic hearth. Neither those who gave nor those who accepted the invitation were influenced by a blind and morbid sympathy for the criminal, but by that enlightened and robust charity which would lift the fallen soul from its degradation, inspire the most debased with a true self-respect, and win him by kindness and love from the paths of sin and shame to those of virtue and honor. It was not to afford a transient gratification of the senses, but for the higher and nobler purpose of awakening the soul to a sense of its immortality, quickening the conscience in the performance of its legitimate functions, and thus promoting the personal reformation of the prisoners, that those gifted minstrels were induced, at no small sacrifice of personal convenience, to pay this visit.

A friend who was present on the occasion, assures us that the scene was one of sublime interest, and we were about to reduce his verbal description to writing, when the following letter from the Matron of the Female Prison was put into our hands. It will be read with deep interest:

Letter from Mrs. Farnham.

FEMALE PRISON, Sing Sing,
Dec. 1st, 1846.

I think our last visit from the Hutchinsons was more delightful than any they have yet paid us. I do not know that their music was better, for that seems scarcely possible; but everybody seemed prepared to appreciate not only the sweet sounds but the spirit in which they were made. The occasion, too, admitted of a wider range in the choice of pieces than they have been able to make heretofore, their previous visits having been made on the Sabbath.

In the Male Prison they sang several admirable pieces, among which were 'The Seasons,' 'My Mother's Bible,' and 'There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.' How pleasantly the tone of cheerful promise pervading the latter lighted some of those gloomy hearts! You saw that it was sunshine to them.

The following effective and touching piece, written for the occasion to the music of the 'Pauper's Burial,' was also sung:

LAMENT OF THE PRISONER.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

I. THE Convict, immured in the prison's cold cell,
Away from the friends who have loved him so well,
In silence sits musing on scenes of the past,
His heart full of grief, his tears falling fast;
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

II. O, sad was the hour when he turned from the way,
And yielded his heart to the Tempter a prey!
The waves of despair, how wildly they roll,
As the darkness of night settles down on the soul!
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

III. O, six is a bitter and poisonous thing—
It pierces the soul with its dart and its sting;
And ought but Repentance can wipe out the stain,
And the Convict restore to God's favor again;
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

IV. But hark to the truth which the Gospel proclaims
To him that is bound in sin's galling chains:
"Thou need'st not despair, for a Savior hath died,
And bids thee, repentant, come stand at his side;
He heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns."

V. O, come at the call! heed the message of love
Which the Spirit of God brings down from above!
O, turn from thy sins, cast thy follies away,
And open thy heart to the Gospel's bright ray:
God heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

VI. Treat kindly the Prisoner, ye followers of Him
Whose grace hath restrained you from out-breaking sin;
O visit in Mercy his dreary abode,
And point out before him the heavenly road:
O list to his groans—his pitiful moans—
The prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

The exercise in the Male Prison closed with the glorious 'Millennium.' To appreciate the effect of such a visit—one must be here and listen to the expressions of gratitude and catch something of the heartfelt pleasure which the presence and singing of these minstrels inspire in our unhappy community.

In the Female Prison the exercises were varied by the singing of some sacred pieces and the very appropriate and beautiful song 'Never give up.' Our little community caught the electric spark of these lines and the chorus has since been frequently quoted by those who have long felt the need of something to kindle and encourage hope. In the evening our prisoners had one of their little social meetings in the Hall, and then the singers went among them informally and sang some of their sweetest songs. This was the most delightful feature of the whole visit. They sang their warm, heart-stirring pieces, and it seemed as if they were addressed directly to the Convicts and were so felt by them.

Only those who know the prisoner's heart can understand the effect of such a visit—the hopefulness, the courage, the effort at self-redemption that will grow out of it! The touching memories that are awakened by it linger in the soul like a gleam of its early sunlight, and many an aspiration to be once again pure and good and happy, starts into being under the sweet concord that flows from the hearts as well as the lips of this happy and excellent family.

May their shadows never be less!
Yours,
E. W. FARNHAM.

One of the prisoners doubtless expressed the feelings of all when he said, "If we had been devils, and Abby had come alone among us, she would have made us wish to become angels." The power of music as a reforming influence is but little understood. Experience will yet show that it is far more potent for good than most of the agencies that have hitherto been relied upon for the elevation of the fallen and the degraded.—*Tri-bune.*

Chemical Thaumaturgy.

The agency of heat in the expansion of oil, or any other liquid belongs to another science than hydrostatics; thus we are naturally led to examine what was the extent, or rather how much we can trace, of those pretended miracles for which the ancients were indebted to a practical knowledge of chemistry. Passing to more elevated ideas, we may recall the example of Aesculapius, who chemically reproduced the deteriorated exhalations of a sacred grotto, which proves that a science so prolific of apparent miracles was not unknown in the temples. Marcos, the leader of one of those sects which, in the earlier ages of the church, endeavored to amalgamate with Christian doctrines, particular dogmas and rites of initiation, filled three cups of transparent glass with colourless wine; during his prayer the fluid in one of these cups became blood-red, in another purple, and in the third an azure-blue. At a later period, a well might be seen in an Egyptian church, the waters of which, whenever they were placed in a lamp, became of a sanguine colour. In addition to these seeming miracles, probably borrowed from the mysteries of some ancient temple, let us add one of later date. At the court of the Duke of Brunswick, Professor Beyrass promised that his coat should become red, and to the amazement of the prince and his other guests, it actually became of that colour. M. Vogel, who relates the fact, does not reveal the secret made use of by Beyrass; but he observes, that by pouring blue-water on the juice of the beet-root, a colourless liquid is obtained; and that a piece of cloth steeped in this liquid and quickly dried, becomes red in a few hours, simply by contact with the air; and further, that the effect is accelerated in an apartment where champagne and other wines are being plentifully poured out. It has been proved by recent experiments, that wool dyed by orchil of a violet colour, or stained blue by the acidulated sulphate of indigo, in a bath of hydro-sulphuric acid, becomes colourless, yet resumes the blue or violet colour on exposure to the air. Either explanation applies to the modern fact, and indicates the possibility of reviving ancient prodigies; it also discovers the manner in which, amidst flaming torches and smoking incense, in the sanctuaries of Polytheism, the veil concealing the sacred things may have been seen to change from white to a deep blood-red hue, and which spectacle was considered as the presage of frightful disasters. Blood boiling on the altars, or upon the marbles, or in the bases of the temple, was also indicative of peril and calamity. In Provence, in the sixteenth century, when a consecrated phial filled with the blood of St. Magdalen, in a solid state, was placed near her pretended head, the blood became liquid, and suddenly boiled. The same phenomenon was exhibited in the cathedral of Avellino, with the blood of St. Lawrence; and also at Bissegali, with that of St. Pantaleon, and of two other martyrs. In the present day, at an annual public ceremony at Naples, some of the blood of St. Januarius, collected and dried centuries ago, became spontaneously liquefied, and rises in a boiling state to the phial that encloses it. These phenomena may be produced by red- dening sulphuric ether with orcinette (coronilla, Linn.), and mixing the tincture with spermaceti. This preparation, at ten degrees above the freezing point (centigrade), remains condensed, but melts and boils at twenty. To raise it to this temperature, it is only necessary to hold the phial which contains it, in the hand for some time. If a

little simple jugglery be combined with this philosophical experiment, the apparent miracle is complete. At Naples, the pretended relics of St. John the Baptist annually shed blood; and blood trickles from the withered bones of St. Thomas Aquinas, thus proving the authenticity of the relics, held in veneration by the monks of Fossa Nuova; and the bones of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, exposed on the altar for the adoration of the faithful, soon fills with blood a large silver basin placed below it by the foresight of the priests. From this solution it seems to follow, that the Thaumaturgists were acquainted with alcoholic liquors, and with the art of distilling necessary to obtain them; and thus it was easy for them to produce the spectacle of burning liquids with which they astonished the multitude.—*Thomson's Philosophy of Magic.*

WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE

Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydro-pathic practice.

Salem, Dec. 1846.

PRISONER'S FRIEND—NEW BOOK STORE.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, a weekly periodical, devoted to the abolition of Capital Punishment and the Reformation of the Criminal, is published at No. 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., by Charles and John M. Spear. Terms one dollar a volume.

PHILANTHROPIC BOOK STORE.—A good assortment of books, relating to the great moral enterprises of the day, are for sale at the office of the Prisoner's Friend. Many of these books we can send by mail.

WANTED,
1000 bushel dried Apples,
100,000 lbs. Pork,
50,000 lbs. Lard,
10 or 12 good Horses.
Dec. 28th, 1846.
HEATON & IRISH.

GLOBE MANUFACTORY.

The undersigned, having commenced the manufacture of School Apparatus in this place, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend keeping constantly on hand a good assortment of

GLOBES, TERLIANUS,
Lunariums, Orreries, Arithmometers, Pentagons, &c., &c., intended for schools or families. All of which they will sell, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices.
Orders from a distance will meet prompt attention.
School teachers and friends of education, please give us a call.
HUNT, MARSHALL & HAMBLETON.
Salem, O., October, 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.
July 17, '46.

LOOKING GLASSES.
In connection with Hardware and Drugs, the undersigned have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates.
Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

CHEAP FOR CASH.
The proprietors of the Salem
HARDWARE AND DRUG STORE,
have just received their full supply of
NEW HARDWARE AND FRESH DRUGS.
The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.
BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and West-
ern,) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil
and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest,
and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESCOTTS
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."
Ohio. New Garden—David L. Galbreath
Columbiana—Lot Holmes. Cold Springs
Mabon—Irvin. Berlin—Jacob H.
Barnes. Marlboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Condit—John W. Moore. Lovellette—Dr.
Butler. Philad.—Christopher Lee. Yange-
town—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Mar-
sena Miller. Akron—Thomas P. Beach.
New Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnati
—William Donaldson. East Fairfield—John
Marsh. Selma—Thos. Swyne. Springfield
—Ira Thomas. Harveysburg—V. Nichol-
son. Oakland—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin
Fall—S. Dickenson. Petersburg—Ruth
Tomlinson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard
Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bundysburg
—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville—G. C. Baker.
Alicante—E. Morgan Parrett. Farmington
—Wm. Smith. Elvira, Lorain co.—L. J.
Burrell. Oberlin—Lucy Stone. Ohio City
—R. B. Dennis. Newlon Falls—Dr. Homer
Earle. Racenna—E. P. Bassett. Franklin
Mills—A. Morse. Hartford—Anson Garlick.
Southampton—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union
—Owen Thomas. Republica—P. O. H.
Wood—Hillboro—Wm. Lyle Keys. Acha
town—Dr. A. G. Richardson. Fowler's
Mills—Ira Allen. Kinsman—J. Herick.
Berens—Allen Hix. Muldoon—Wm. Cope.
Hickley—Luther Parker. Jr. Richfield—Jerome
Herburt. Lodi—Dr. Sill. Chester
Roads—H. W. Curtis. Painesville—J. W.
Briggs. Franklin Mills—C. F. Leffingwell.
Dillon—James Muller.

INDIANA. Greensboro—Lewis Branson.
Marion—John T. Morris. Economy—Ira C.
Manly. Liberty—Edwin Gardner. Win-
chester—Clarkson Puckett. Knightstown.
Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond—Joseph Ad-
leman.
PENNSYLVANIA. Fallstown—Milo A. Town-
send. H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.